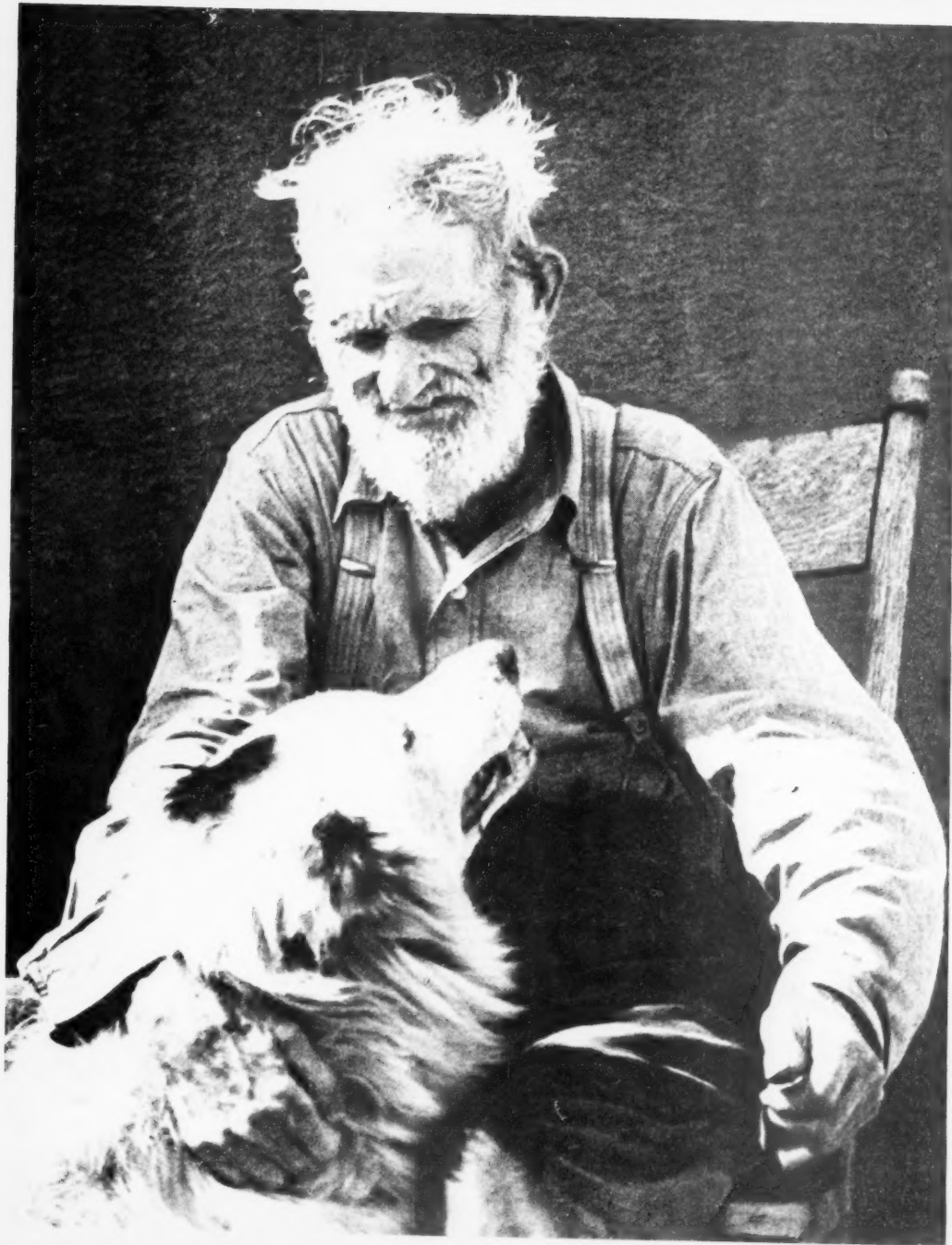


Our Dumb

ANIMALS





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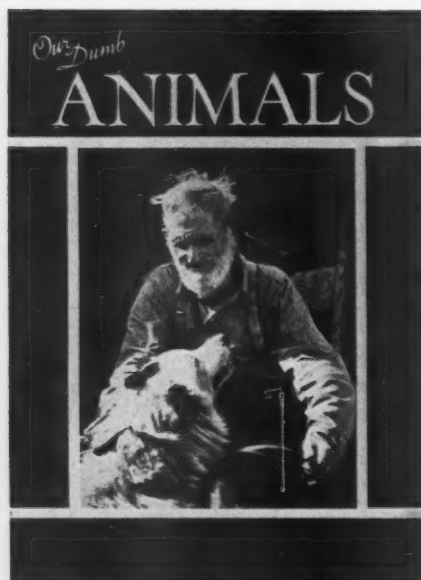
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FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

is the title of this month's cover and the picture tells its own tale of fidelity and loving comradeship. However, a genuine story revolves around this couple, which we reproduce on page 152, as told to us by the photographer, Mrs. Henry Bedinger, Louisville, Ky.

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From the

PRESIDENT'S DESK



HAVE you noticed that during the past two or three years, evidences of cruelty to animals appearing in our motion pictures have been steadily disappearing? To the fine services of Mr. Richard C. Craven, representing the humane organizations of the country, this is largely due. The producers of pictures in which animals appear have learned at last that he must be consulted.



HORSES, mules, donkeys, burros, camels, elephants. These are living, serving, dying in this war. So are dogs, hundreds of thousands of them. Carrier pigeons doing some things that neither radio nor telephone can be trusted to do. Word comes that Australians are even placing snakes around their concentration camps to drive off rats. Cattle, sheep, swine by the millions sacrificed to furnish food, clothing, leather. All these, serving under no banner of their own devising, are as vital in war as their human fellows. How often do we think of this?



NO MEMORIAL fashioned by human hands can escape Time's slowly-defacing fingers. There is a memorial, however, which Time cannot destroy. At the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument, Daniel Webster spoke of marble as doomed to crumble, and brass as sure to tarnish. The years bear witness to his words. But he who leaves a record of his life written upon the tablets of the human soul leaves a memorial that will endure forever. And in his Epitaph on Shakespeare, Milton says of him:

"Great heir of fame
Hast built thyself a livelong monument."

* * * * *

"That kings for such a tomb would have wished to die."



What questions go unanswered as again and again, perplexed, looking into the night's starlit sky, we come face to face with "the silence of the eternal spaces."

Who Is a Humanitarian?

IF YOU consult your dictionary your answer is, "One actively concerned in promoting the welfare of his kind." What right, then, has anyone who, though always deeply interested in the welfare of his fellow men, quick to respond, it may be, to their calls upon him in their hours of need, is still devoting his life primarily to the welfare not so much of his kind as of those lowlier creatures so generally through the centuries the victims of man's cruelty and unkindness?

Just where in the long list of life's various classes of people will you place this particular man? He is not in the professional class where are the doctors, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, scientists, artists, statesmen, politicians, economists, industrialists.

What is this unclassified man we have just mentioned? What are we going to call him? Often he is spoken of with a slight accent of depreciation as the "animal man" whose chief concern is the welfare of the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air.

Well, classify him as you will, there lies before us as we write, a book containing the names of some very distinguished people who have generously and openly acknowledged their lifelong championship of the claims of what is known as the animal world. Here is a list of a few of them: Alfred Russell Wallace, one of the great scientists of our day; Lord Tennyson; James Martineau, D.D.; Victor Hugo; Sir Henry Irving; William James; Cardinal Manning; Professor Goldwin Smith; Tolstoi; Robert Browning; John Ruskin; Thomas Carlyle; Charles Dickens; Phillips Brooks; Cardinal Gibbons; W. D. Howells; John Galsworthy.

So, as we have said, classify this man we have been talking about where you will, he need not blush to be found in such company.



As a factor in winning the war, the mule greatly outranks in value the horse.

Their Advantage over Us

HAVE ANIMALS anything to be grateful for, if gratitude for them were possible, which does not seem to fall to our lot? Think for a moment. Little we must believe, are they troubled with that strange something which so early in childhood walked into our lives and refuses to be turned out—we call it Conscience—that something which is forever calling us to account for our faults and failures and sins. Do they ever worry about when or where Death, that "shadow feared of man," may fall across their path? Does old age, with its possible poverty, loneliness and suffering, darken days for them and lengthen nights? Are they ever puzzled or perplexed about what may lie beyond the boundary line that marks the end of life's brief day? Have they ever feared, as many of us have feared, that the hope might be in vain of a dreamed Paradise,

"Where thirsty, longing eyes

Watch the slow door

That, opening, letting in—lets out no more?"

Ill-treated, overworked, starved, neglected, killed for others' food, as such millions of them have been since time began, surely they have deserved and do deserve freedom from some of the ills to which our mortal flesh is heir.



HAPPENING upon an old record of the war expenses of the United States, we found the statement that the average annual expenses of the Army and Navy during the eight years preceding the Spanish War, 1890-1898, were \$51,500,000. For the eight years after the Spanish War, 1902-1910, the expenses were \$185,400,000. The increase of those last eight years exceeded the national debt by \$150,000,000. Today the total gross public debt and guaranteed obligations, as of June 30, 1943, are \$140,796,000,000; expenditures for Army and Navy, for fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, \$63,205,000,000. Just now millions seem but small change. We think and talk only in billions.

Tribute to a Sea Dog

GYP," an ordinary terrier in appearance, is called by the *London Evening Standard* the most remarkable dog in the British Navy. Every man on the ship commanded by his master is convinced that Gyp brings him luck. It isn't superstition; they have seen how amazingly capable the terrier is.

He is able to detect aircraft long before they are heard by the human ear. An important naval officer recently named him "the R. A. F. dog," explaining that "he cocks an ear to aircraft before we can hear them on the bridge."

The men claim that Gyp "smells" U-boats. "Why, it was only on our last trip," according to the ship's first lieutenant, "that he was mouldy all one morning. It was as if he knew that something unpleasant was about. Then we picked up a U-boat and went after it. We chased it off, and afterwards Gyp was fit as a fiddle."

Appropriately enough, the black and white markings on Gyp's coat form a big and unmistakable "V" right in the middle of his back. He is the proud possessor of an "Able Seaman" diploma, presented to him by the crew. On three occasions Gyp has been left behind by the ship and each time "something, not disastrous, but quite unpleasant" has happened. That was more proof, if the crew needed it, that Gyp was their good-luck mascot and capable aide.—Alan A. Brown



Ship's Mascot Mothers Shipwrecked Crew

MAIZIE" is a real sea-going cat, having won her able seaman's rating long ago and now she is in line for promotion. This nondescript of the feline family has spent only ten days ashore since the war began and acted as a real lifesaver to Eugene M. Clancy, of New York, when his merchant ship was sunk.

During 56 hours that six seamen spent on a life raft after their vessel was torpedoed in the North Atlantic last March, "Maizie" was their companion and virtually their salvation.

"If that cat hadn't been with us, we might have gone crazy," said the owner. "There's something about a dumb animal that takes your mind off your own troubles. We completely forgot our personal discomforts. We almost fought for the privilege of petting her."

"Maizie" took her turn at mess, eating malted milk tablets and condensed foods with the crewmen. She even comforted the men suffering from exposure and seasickness, going from one to another almost like a mother.

Faithful Unto Death

SEVERAL years ago a house painter living in El Campo, Texas, had a little black and white dog that was his constant companion. The painter possessed an old model coupe with a comparatively flat top. When driving around town in the car, his little dog would ride up on top, having reached that position by climbing on the running board, then to the hood and from there to the top of the car.

The painter was stricken with an incurable disease that slowly and insidiously sapped away his life, but as long as he was able to drive the car his little dog rode along on top.

Finally the man died, and on the day of the funeral a hearse was driven up to

receive the casket. The faithful little dog followed the pall bearers to the hearse, and after the casket was placed inside, the little dog, without any direction from the bystanders, climbed up on the vehicle and took his accustomed position, facing forward.

Hundreds of spectators along the streets traversed by the hearse were unable to restrain their tears at the sight of the faithful little dog riding on top of the hearse as the body of its master was borne to its last resting place.

Several weeks ago the little dog died, and the *El Campo Citizen* carried the story of the little dog's demise on the front page, and recalled to its readers the incident of the faithful little animal riding on top of the hearse at the funeral of its master.—O. W. Nolen



Acme Photo

YOU NEED US AS COMPANIONS

The soldiers at Camp Callan, Calif., have stopped trying to resist the pleading expression of "Lady," the cocker spaniel, or the determination of police dog "Mickey" when they go on overnight hikes. The two mascots insist on following their masters and can always be found with soldiers of D Battery, 57th Battalion. Staff Sgt. A. C. Proskovec owns "Mickey," while "Lady" answers to the call of Pfc. John W. Beaudoin.



The Bat

By

J. FRANK BROWNING

DID anyone ever have a stranger pet than Charles Derennes, with his tame bat? This observant Frenchman, a true friend of birds and animals, wrote a fascinating book "The Life of the Bat," in which he told the story of "Noctu," a bat which he taught to eat from his hand and take pleasure in his fondling. To him the bat is one of Nature's most interesting creatures, and he insists that his pet Noctu had "the most human expressions that I have ever observed in the face of an animal."

Many people shudder at the sight of a bat, and wonder how anyone could like one. He's certainly not handsome, nor does he look very intelligent as he hangs upside-down from a twig, blinking his beady eyes in a defiant sort of way. But most people find the bat a tolerable creature as they learn to know him better.

If you take a bat in your hands (not a Malay bat, for they sometimes are five feet long!), you'll feel the animal trembling all over. That's because, to those delicate wings, which are perhaps the most sensitive sense-organs in the

world, the touch of your palm is like a rasping file.

Those tender wings and his big vibrating ears are the mystery and wonder of the bat. They enable him to fly in the darkest night, through the thickest forest, when his eyes are of little use to him, and pursue his insect prey without striking a single trunk or branch. These wings that "see" in the dark, are made up of a close network of fine nerves which are able to detect in advance any obstacle that is in his line of travel. Experimenters have blindfolded bats and released them in a large room where many ropes were suspended from the ceiling. Result—the bats flitted around with their customary bullet-speed, without touching a *single* rope!

In certain parts of the South huge bat shelters and roosts are maintained for the good they do in destroying enormous quantities of flying moths and other harmful insects.

And so we see that gentleness should be shown this creature who, in spite of his strange appearance and harsh voice, is a real friend to man.

It is pleasant to recall that, in those days, hardly anybody begrudged a penny for meat for a hungry cat. The peddler found the humble workers among his best customers, for he went the same rounds, day after day, catering to these people and their household pets. No matter how hard-hearted they might seem otherwise, Londoners took special pains to make sure that their cats didn't go hungry.

Don't Overwork Your Pets

ALL of us love our pet cats, dogs, canaries and so forth and would not knowingly bore them or harm them. But sometimes we do so unconsciously.

One afternoon I saw a man spend more than an hour "shooting" his beloved dog and kitten with his camera. He had a fine time, but the pets did not. Once in awhile one of them would tire of the ordeal and run away, only to have the master catch the animal and return it for more posing. Once the dog slunk away with his tail between his legs. When the photographic session was over, both of the pets were worn out.

This sort of thing is a mistake. That man was intensely proud of his dog and cat. He worshipped them, in fact. He gave them just the right kinds of food and in the correct amounts. He provided cozy, warm places for them to sleep and guarded them jealously against harm. But he was so proud of them that he wanted pictures to show to his friends and for his album. So he spent much of the afternoon photographing them.

The best time to photograph pets is when they are in a playful mood. This indicates they feel well and pictures at such times are almost sure to be better than those taken when a pet feels out of sorts. Besides, the pet will enter into the spirit of the undertaking wholeheartedly. But it is a mistake to work with the animals for long periods at a time. Ten or fifteen minutes' work should provide all the pictures one wants. And the pets are fresh at the end instead of worn out. We all want pictures of our animal friends, but we should be humane about it and think of their comfort at all times.—Henry H. Graham

The London Cat's-Meat Man

By VINCENT EDWARDS

IT SEEMS appropriate that the city of Dick Whittington should have always had a warm place in its heart for cats. Still, one of London's most cherished memories is the cat's-meat man. That familiar figure in the battered old hat, the long coat and apron, was no ordinary tradesman. Every day he made his rounds with his jaunty little cart, peddling meat for Pussy and all her relations.

Americans who were lucky enough to see the cat's-meat man roll up in the old days never forgot the sight. From hidden alleyways, from dark cellars, from warm firesides even, cats by the tens and twenties suddenly appeared to greet the driver.

The cart alone was a magnificent spectacle. It had pictures on it just like a circus wagon, and over the top there was a gaudy sign "PURVEYOR OF MEAT TO THE CANINE AND FELINE PATRONS OF THE METROPOLIS." But

Pussy's choice in meat couldn't be guessed in a week. It was horse meat! Beef and lamb and chicken were all right in their place, but she preferred something less common.

There was one cat's meat peddler by the name of Dobbin whose cart had a picture of a fine, sleek cat that had invited a very thin cat to supper. "Ah," says the guest, "this is, indeed, a treat." The fat cat replies, "Glad you enjoy it. We buy all our meat of Dobbin."

As soon as the cart would pull up, the driver would step out with a large basket on his arm. It held about as curious an assortment as was ever sold off to the public. The basket was filled with meat on small, wooden skewers; there were pieces of various sizes, depending on the cost. A half-penny bought no more than a mouthful for Pussy, but three-pence was enough for a Christmas dinner. The meat wasn't raw, but had all been boiled for about two hours.

Sun After Storm

Harry Elmore Hurd

*This is the day the Lord has made:
This is His smiling benison
On bird and beast and man, His son.*

*In shadowed glen—in glinting glade—
Resounds the joyful antiphon
Of all created things, made one.*

*Their voices differ, but their hearts—
Grown suddenly calm and unafraid—
Are synchronous and counterparts.*

Befriending the Robin

By JOHN B. BEHREND

A FRIEND came over to the house several days ago and was telling me about a robin that she had rescued out of a treetop. She was working on the lawn at the side of the house when she heard a fluttering noise overhead. She did not pay much attention to it at the time, because she thought that it was only some pigeons circling above her. Then she went to work in the back yard and when she returned about an hour later she still heard the beating wings. Looking up to investigate she saw a robin high in a poplar, trying to free herself from a string that had become wrapped around one of her legs. For a minute or so, she would struggle desperately, trying to pull loose from the string that had caught on a twig near the nest that she was building. Then she would lie panting with parted beak in the crotch about a foot away from the nest. My friend thought that she could reach the struggling bird from the attic of the neighbor's window with a clothes pole and made the attempt, but was unsuccessful. Then she got a heavy ladder from the garage, and being unable to raise it she called to a neighbor across the alley to help her. He put up the ladder, and with the aid of a long pole released the robin.

But the poor bird's leg had been severed by its repeated struggling. The robin was placed in a box on the porch and she found a worm for it to eat but, although it took the worm in its bill, it would not eat it. She left it on the enclosed porch that night, and in the morning she found some more worms which the robin readily swallowed. Then the bird started to hop toward the open door, and she rushed forward to catch it. She succeeded in grasping its tail feathers, and that was all, as the redbreast flew away and left her standing there with the tail feathers in her hand. In astonishment she watched it fly to the top of the house, never dreaming that a one-legged bird could fly so well. But it was able to take care of itself, for the next morning and on succeeding days she saw it on the lawn pulling out angle worms in true robin fashion. Only, when she tugged at the wrigglers to pull them out of the ground she fell to one side at the end of the pull. It was hard to keep balanced on only one foot. At night she roosted in a hedge near the house.

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Insect Friends

THERE seems to be a natural instinct in human beings to regard all insects as enemies. While it is true that unless many of them were kept under control they would soon overrun the world, it is also well to remember that we have many valuable friends among the insects.

Perhaps none have been so maligned or misunderstood as the ferocious looking—yet perfectly harmless—praying mantis. These insects were so named because of the striking manner in which the front legs are held while awaiting prey. The legs are long and armed with rows of teeth, by means of which their prey is grasped and held while being devoured. These legs are raised and folded, giving the appearance of an attitude of prayer.

Also known as "soothsayers" and "devil's horses," these insects are the only true insects that can turn their heads from side to side.

These grotesque creatures are wrongly accused of "spitting poison" right into a person's eyes, causing permanent blindness. They are also unjustly accused of feeding entirely on honey bees and lastly, are said to lay in wait until a pretty little hummingbird comes their way, whereupon they quickly grasp the unsuspecting bird and greedily devour it.

Last season it was my pleasure to be host to several devil's horses. They were hatched on my front porch and several of them remained during their entire life span. I spent many interesting hours in observing them and found that they fed upon a wide variety of injurious insects, including flies, leaf worms, mosquitoes, beetles and grasshoppers. They proved to be true friends by destroying undesirable insects on my flowers.—J. Casey



Male and Female Praying Mantises

The Busy Bee Goes to War

AN interesting story comes from London about the use made by native German troops in Africa during the first World War. These men were beekeepers and when they were told that they must halt an overland convoy of British they gathered several hundred swarms of bees and fastened them to the trees along the trail where the convoy would come. The bee nests were connected with a dry-cell battery. As the British approached an electric shock aroused the bees and they swarmed from their nests in angry droves which descended upon the surprised caravan. Men, horses, mules and oxen died in torment, only a few being able to escape into the open plain. Later, the Germans calmed the bees with smoke and gathered up the scattered spoils.

Bees have not been used for such purposes by our government in the present war effort, but they are making at least three distinct contributions. The annual production of honey, which amounts to about 200,000,000 pounds, is a real asset in overcoming the sugar shortage and the quantity could be greatly increased without creating an oversupply.

But beeswax is more important for war purposes than honey. It is used for coating shells, bullets and airplane wings and no substitute has been found to replace it.

Pollination of fruit trees, legumes and other crops is a third contribution of the bees which is essential to the increased production so much desired. Apple growers have found their yield increased as much as 40 per cent by the introduction of active hives of bees into their orchards.

The bees, however, have a preference in the food they eat and do not seem as anxious to feed in apple orchards as in fields of sweet clover. Experiments have shown that bees prefer to "work" sweet clover blooms to those of cantaloupes, squash, cucumbers and pumpkins.

—Laura Alice Boyd



Sunday Morning Idyl

Fleta Bruer Gonso

The new little colt is in the field,
Kicking his heels and pounding the ground;
And his mother pretends she isn't proud,
Ignoring admirers standing around.
The old horses watch the little colt,
Shaking their heads and nuzzling his hair;
One by one they join in his glee,
Snorting aloud, their heels in the air.
Complacent, the mother stands aloof,
Nibbling officiously at a stick;
Then she calls the colt to her side,
Dismissing the rest with a well-aimed kick.

Dog's Fame Perpetuated

IMMORTALITY, through the arts, has come to a dog.

One of the few dogs to be enshrined in stained glass, "Cluny," a short-haired St. Bernard, and pet and constant companion of the late Bishop William Croswell Doane, first bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Albany, N. Y., has made the grade.

Cluny's death occurred in May, 1902, eleven years before his beloved master. And yet, so green is Cluny's memory that just last year his image was made in stained glass in a church window.

Cluny was a good dog and always attended church, waiting for his master, the Bishop, in the vestryroom of All Saints Cathedral, Albany. Now his likeness is pictured for all time in a fine window in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, standing beside his revered leader, Bishop Doane.

The Bishop, himself, is depicted in the traditional dress of English bishops, with gaiters, apron and shovel hat, the garb he usually wore. Bishop Doane was the founder of St. Andrew's Church and wrote its charter. Starting as a chapel of the diocese, this church was one of the Bishop's favorite projects.

Cluny's father was given to Bishop Doane by Spencer Trask, of Saratoga Springs and New York, who was a wealthy dog lover. This dog, because of his large size and golden, tawny color, was named for the Yellow Tiber, the river which runs through Rome. Tiber had a short life, but Cluny, his son, also presented to the Bishop by Mr. Trask,



Courtesy, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church

lived to be nine years old and died of heart failure.

Cluny was so good natured that the smallest of the Bishop's grandchildren could easily manage him, as could all the urchins of the neighborhood. He continues to influence countless numbers of children and even grownups through the unusual memorial dedicated to him.

Many people still recall the great dog's appearance, as he ambled along the city streets with his distinguished master.

By THOMAS GASKELL

CLUNY AND BISHOP DOANE IN STAINED GLASS

Both were big, and when Cluny stood up on his hind legs and put his forepaws on the Bishop's shoulders, the effect was impressive.

Bishop Doane wrote his famous poem, "Cluny and His Master," one of the best known of all dog eulogies and treasured everywhere by dog owners, while meditating on Cluny's reaction to such episodes. Recently a soldier in the African fighting zone wrote to the rector of St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. Charles W. Findlay, for a copy, saying he still carried a small snapshot of his own faithful dog left at home.

When the stained glass window was installed, Mr. Findlay distributed copies of the poem, which are still being requested.

Cluny and His Master

*I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own; his eye
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I when God His wise correction sends,
He looks love at me, deep as words ever
spoke,
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all
his fear,
He is content and quiet if I am near,
Secure that my protection will prevail;
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.*

When Dogs Went to Church By ALFRED I. TOOKE

YES, dogs used to go to church, but after Benjamin Franklin invented the heating stove, there was no longer any good reason why they should do so. Before that, in the winter time at least, dogs were very welcome in church so long as they behaved themselves.

In earliest pioneer days, attending church in winter was a very cold ordeal. Some people took footwarmers—small, ventilated metal boxes filled with glowing lumps of charcoal from the open fireplace at home, but the pioneers were lusty prayers and preachers. A prayer

often lasted a full hour, and a sermon might last twice as long. That was much longer than any footwarmer could hope to retain its heat. Some people took bags made of the fur of animals and filled with wool in which to tuck their feet to keep them from freezing. But the wisest church goers took their dogs with them to curl up across their feet on the cold earth floor and the dog imparted the heat of its fur-covered body to the feet of its owner for as long as the service lasted.

Of course, it sometimes happened that a dog barked or otherwise misbehaved.

In that case there was a person appointed as "dog-whipper" to attend to the matter, and he promptly ejected the dog. It seems to have been a well-paying job, for it is on record that in the late sixteen-sixties a certain Massachusetts town held a meeting at which among other things, it was "ordered that every dog that comes to the meeting after the present day, either of Lord's days or lecture days, except it be their dogs that pay for a dog whipper, the owner of these dogs shall pay sixpence for every time they come to the meeting."

You Can't Fool an Elephant

By VINCENT EDWARDS

AT SAIGON, in French Indo-China, there used to be a one-hundred-year-old elephant who entertained all the zoo visitors with his reckless spending of money.

As fast as he was tossed a coin by anybody in the crowd, he would grab it with his long trunk and then reach out with it to buy peanuts and bananas from the native who had a cart handy for selling such things.

Ordinarily, people were pretty careful to give the big beast a sound money-piece. They had heard plenty about this venerable pachyderm and how, if he didn't get full value from the man with the cart, he would make a terrible time, trumpeting and carrying on in his own jungle way of protest.

One day, however, four French sailors decided to have some fun. They were all dressed in white uniforms, so they looked exactly alike. But when they started to toss coins to the elephant, one of them threw a circular leaden slug.

The big animal seemed to know right away something was wrong. When the counterfeit coin struck the floor, it gave out a dull unmusical note. First, the elephant smelled of it with his trunk, then picked it up somewhat doubtfully and offered it to the fruit dealer.

The native, noticing it was nothing but lead, tossed it back to the elephant. Thereupon, the beast fixed his tiny pig-eyes on the French sailor, looking him over closely as if he were making a note of everything about him.

The sailor thought nothing of it at the time. He and his companions went away, and all supposed the trick was forgotten. But an hour later they all returned to the zoo.

For some reason, the elephant seemed overjoyed when he saw those boys with

the white uniforms in the very front of the crowd.

To everybody the pachyderm extended his trunk, just as if he were counting the group of onlookers. When the elephant came to the sailor who had tricked him, he paid him special attention. Never had a zoo creature appeared more friendly. The Frenchman was quite taken in by the gesture, and offered a handful of peanuts.

The elephant reached out his trunk as if to accept them. Then, as if he had carefully planned what he was going to do, he let fly two gallons of water straight in the sailor's face.

Coming so unexpectedly, it knocked the counterfeit-coin passer flat upon his back. It took all the efforts of the other sailors to bring their friend back to consciousness and carry him to a safer place.



Kitten That Couldn't Walk

By LILLIAN K. DUNLAP

SAMMY" was a chubby baby kitten, kept polished to a high glow by the mother cat, and it wasn't until a few days after Sammy's eyes had opened that we discovered the pitiable truth—Sammy's legs couldn't support her fat little body. They straddled out from her body at what can only be described as right angles. She couldn't even drag herself around in her basket.

"You can't keep that kitten,—it will never be normal," my friends told me, as we stood looking down into the basket where she was struggling to move around. I picked her up, the prettiest black and white kitten ever, with soft thick fur like her part Persian mother's. Sammy's bright kitten-blue eyes sparkled.

"Maybe she'll never walk, but anyway I'm going to buy some cod liver oil, and try giving it to her," I said stubbornly.

I gave her cod liver oil in her milk every day, and every day I worked with those stubby, helpless legs, gently moving them forward and back. As days went by, and I could see no improvement, I grew discouraged, but Sammy never gave up.

One day, about a month after I first started working her legs, I was overjoyed to see her pushing herself forward. Her hind legs worked much better than the front ones which wouldn't hold her up yet. There never was a happier kitten than Sammy when she found she could drag herself around. Finally, the day came that she stood on three wobbly legs.

As she grew stronger, she resented my working with her legs, and put her head between her front legs. I pushed her a little, and she turned a somersault. Soon she was turning somersaults all by herself, just for fun.

It was a great occasion when she finally stood and walked on all four legs and feet. Of course she didn't walk just like other cats, but we loved her funny little swagger.

How she did race around the house! She always ran, as though making up for lost time. She loved the snow, and her tracks were visible all around the yard, after a snowstorm. She had such fun chasing snowflakes.

I kept giving her cod liver oil even after she became the proud mother of two perfectly healthy kittens. She kept her kittens scrubbed within an inch of their lives, and though she let us pick them up and admire them, she always gave them a thorough bath afterwards. She was a doting mother if we ever saw one.

When her kittens were half grown, Sammy got sick and died.

Her grandson, a fine black fellow, with white whiskers and white boots, lives at our house now. He doesn't enjoy living as much as Sammy did, but then he never had to work so hard at it.

PREPARED TO SAVE OUR ANIMALS

Air raid wardens of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. assemble for their periodic drill, preparing for any contingency which might endanger the lives of any of the animal patients or boarders. The equipment shown in the picture represents only a small part of that available for instant use. The Hospital, alone, has been supplied with 12 stirrup pumps by the Government. The wardens are under the supervision of Superintendent Harry L. Allen, acting in the capacity of Chief Air Raid Warden in Charge. With this battery of fire fighters, the public may be assured that all animals are well protected.



Changing Pet Diets

MANY PET owners are having trouble changing the diet of their animal friends because their favorite canned meat is no longer obtainable. One of the trainers of the Seeing-Eye, Morristown, New Jersey, says we must approach this problem much as we would with children, who do not like their food. Most children will eat when they are hungry enough. Horse meat makes good feed for animals, but should be introduced to them *gradually*. He says when a dog is hungry, horse meat will taste very good.

However, some Seeing-Eye dogs will go several days without food rather than eat it. "Queen" is one of these dogs. She absolutely refuses horse meat. This is a serious problem to her sightless owner, who is dependent upon Queenie to guide her to her defense job every day. Insufficient food will weaken her dog and impair her efficiency. Her young mistress has applied to the board for a ration book for Queen. Until such time as she gets this, she must share her own ration stamps. This means a real sacrifice, as Queen consumes a pound of chopped beef a day.

A blind man in North Jersey appealed to the public for meat stamps for his dog. Several animal lovers left red stamps



These pups present no food problem. Everything tastes good.

with the butcher for the dog. They knew neither the man nor his dog.

Uncle Sam appreciates the value of these dogs who guide the sightless and the question of their feeding is now under consideration at Washington. Perhaps some satisfactory solution will be worked out for them.

Other pets, not guides to the blind, have become problems of meat rationing. "Ferdinand," a bright little cocker spaniel, has been very ill and the veterinarian said horse meat simply would not

do. There was a family conference at which it was decided that they could not get along without Ferdie. The family is living on fish and other non-rationed foods while Ferdie has his chopped beef.

Some cats are very fastidious, but even the most fussy may be taught to eat cereal with milk.

Gabriel Heatter, radio commentator, recently said that he would share his meat, as long as he had any, with his dog. No doubt many pet owners feel the same way.—Edith C. Pitcher

Sweetness and Light

Ethel King

How true the bee
In Swift's old tale,
"The Battle of the Books"—
The epicure that feeds on flowers
And of their nectar sucks,—
When it proclaimed
It was supreme
Because of gifts it brings,
The honey and the wax were sure
The world's two finest things.

Yes, bleak indeed our lives would be
Without a taste of honey
In word and melody
And ways all smooth
And kind and sunny.
And, oh, the gloom
That never twinkles
With a taper's gleam
Nor mind nor heart nor spirit
Wakens to a lustrous beam.
When we come nearest losing them
We know the bee was right,
Incomparable qualities
Of sweetness and of light.

Rusty Gets Military Burial

BURIED with military honors in the month of May, 1943.

Such is the final statement that can be written about "Rusty," the little brown cocker spaniel who belonged to Gerard Darrow, Chicago Quiz Kid.

Some months ago, Rusty became a private first class in Dogs for Defense. The title, however, was purely honorary, having been made possible by a Darrow admirer who gave five dollars to Dogs for Defense in Rusty's name. Nevertheless, the dog was entitled to wear a brass identification tag labeled, "Private First Class." Whenever he appeared at the Bradwell School, Gerard's schoolmates always saluted him. It was this distinction that decreed the military funeral when he died on May 13 because of pneumonia and jaundice.

Yet, even the briefest review of Rusty's life reveals that he was a private first class in his own right, the right of protector and companion to a little ten-year-old boy whose love and knowledge of animals and birds has even adult orni-

thologists gaping with wonder.

Besides assisting Gerard on bird walks and turtle and snake hunts, Rusty had made himself the custodian of all the smaller animals in the Darrow household.—Genevra Bush Gibson

Information, Please!

It turns out that our Society is "all things to all people." Recently, Chief Officer L. Willard Walker, answering the telephone, heard a woman's voice coming over the wire.

Woman—Is this the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.?

Mr. Walker—Yes, madam, can we be of service?

Woman—I'm trying to work a crossword puzzle. Can you give me a nine letter word meaning a white dog with black spots?

Mr. Walker—Certainly, madam, the word is "Dalmatian."

Woman—Thank you so much. Your Society has helped me so often, I knew you wouldn't fail me this time.

OLD DOBBIN COMES INTO HIS OWN—Almost any day, in downtown Boston, a passer-by will see horse-drawn phaetons, Victorias and sight-seeing wagons. Visiting service men and women get a real thrill out of seeing Boston at slow speed and especially in being driven around town by a cabby wearing a silk topper.

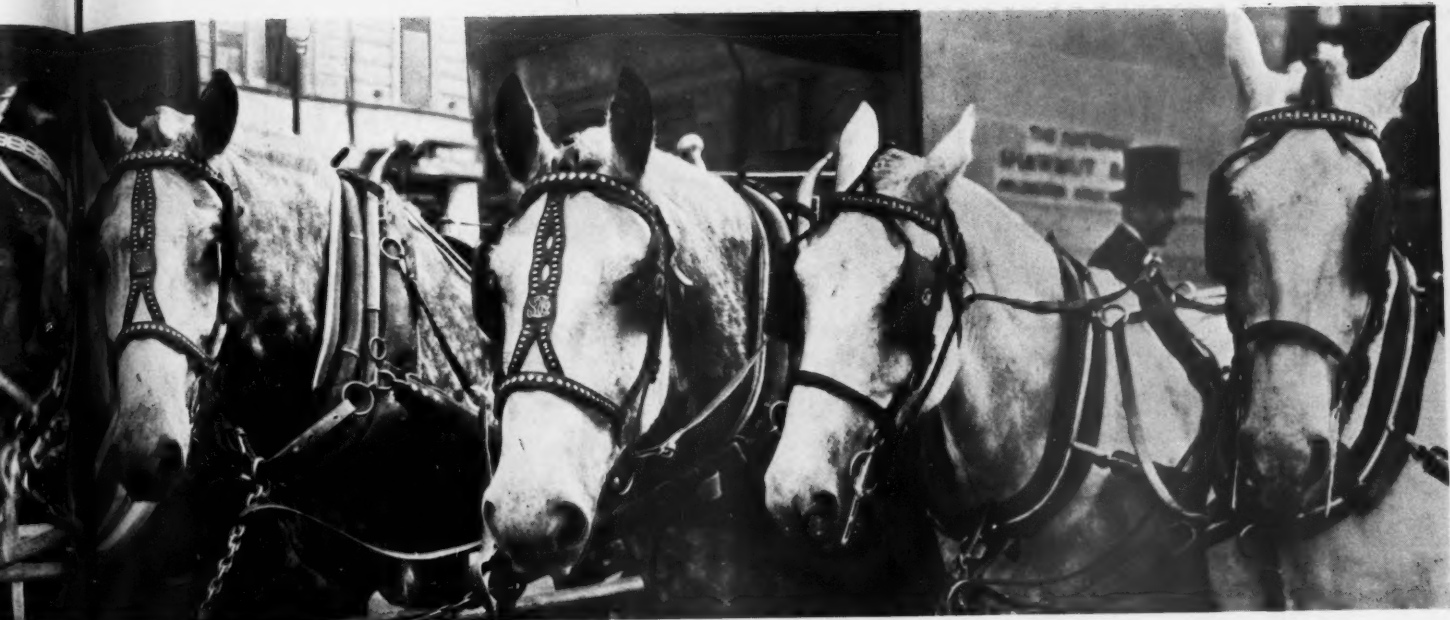
Seriously, this is a gasoline-saving device, becoming more popular each day. The nation's horses are once again proving their worth in an emergency. Needless to say, these animals are inspected daily by officers of our Society and the horses must be in thoroughly good condition before being allowed to work.

Photos by Herbert Stier, Boston Traveler



WACS and WAVES predominate in the sight-seeing below, as this sets out for





AVES predominate
sight-seeing
now, as this
sets out for
of

Visiting civilians, also, find pleasure
in this unaccustomed manner
of riding. The drivers,
too, are proud of
their horses.



EDITORIALS

Boston's Junior Police Corps

IN 1938 the Boston Junior Police Corps was founded. Four years later the Corps had a membership of over 20,000 boys, under the active supervision of Deputy Superintendent William J. Carey, Corps Commander.

Through the efforts of this group, thousands of young boys have found intelligent outlets for extra energy which otherwise might have got them into difficulty. The boys, led by police officers, participate in scrap collection drives, war bond selling, athletic activities and many other worthwhile projects. They have often visited our Angell Memorial Hospital and viewed with much enthusiasm our silent and sound films, after which they made a tour of the institution.

Last year, upon the occasion of the birthday of our President, Dr. Rowley, the Boston Junior Police presented him with an honorary membership in their splendid organization.



Pet Food Shortage

THERE CAN be no question but that the problem of food for our nation's pets presents a more serious aspect as days go by. When we consider that in America, pets have become as much our household gods as the lares and penates of the ancient Romans, we realize the seriousness of the situation. True, there are those of us who are willing to share our own meager portion with our animals, but this laudable sacrifice is not the solution.

Recognizing the seriousness of the situation, a Pet Animal Industry Advisory Committee was organized by the War Food Administration to consider food supplies and to conduct an educational campaign on pet feeding during wartime. This Committee is composed of representatives of humane societies, dog food industries, Dog Writers' Association, Dogs for Defense, American Kennel Club, American Veterinary Medical Association and others.

Divided into sub-committees, this body will study the various aspects which affect the feeding of animals. As an example, the Committee on Nutrition is

making a survey of various types of food available for pets.

It is our hope that, by conference and study, the Committee may find a means of relieving a situation which is causing the animal-loving public a great deal of misgiving.



Thank You

WE CERTAINLY appreciate the notice which appeared in the July 1 issue of the *Attleboro Sun* which reads as follows:

One of the best magazine covers of the year appears on the current issue of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*. The picture shows a dog sitting on an empty station platform. The dog is looking down the tracks where a train has just passed from sight. The caption: "The greatest guy in the world was aboard that draft train."

Our thought in using this illustration was to show the close relationship between Man and animal and point out that kindness to animals reaps an hundred-fold reward in service and constancy.



Story Behind the Cover

OUR COVER picture this month was taken by Mrs. Henry Bedinger, Louisville, Ky. Of her subjects, Mrs. Bedinger writes:

"Mr. John Trundle and his dog Tony are both real characters and the devotion existing between them is quite beautiful. Mr. Trundle is an expert gardener from Middletown, Ky., and has developed a watermelon with orange meat. Everything he plants always flourishes, as though God reserved His special smile for his efforts.

"Tony supervises all jobs, keeping a watchful eye on Mr. Trundle, until it is time to stroll homeward. Tony, who is what we call a farm collie, is the most amiable and courteous of dogs, but his heart belongs only to his owner. Nothing ever ruffles his temper except being left at home on the rare occasions when Mr. Trundle has to go to town. This hurts his feelings to such a degree that he sulks for the rest of the day, pretending that he does not even recognize his master

when he returns, assuming an air of cold reserve towards him.

"One of his most amusing exploits occurred when Mr. Trundle was ill. His family tucked him up in bed, awaiting the doctor and Tony was shut up in the barn. All was serene in the sick-room, sheets and pillowcases fresh and spotless, the best counterpane without a wrinkle. Then the doctor arrived and was ushered in—but Tony had arrived before him. A trail of mud and slush led to the invalid's bed, large muddy footprints covered the quilt, and in the middle of a perfect wallow of mud, Mr. Trundle and Tony slept peacefully, their heads on the same pillow."



Did you know that when the patrol plan is complete, 20,000 horses will be engaged in guarding our nation's coast line? The horses are ridden by U. S. Coast Guardsmen and they work in pairs. The horses, who only walk, cover thirteen miles daily.



We wish to thank the many readers who voiced their approval of the changes in the July issue. Letters are always welcome in the offices of *Our Dumb Animals* and we earnestly request any suggestions from our readers which will help to make our magazine of more service to animal lovers.



Hunter's Trophy

Florence Caldwell McCurdy

*But yesterday, transfixed, alone, he stood
A creature cast in bronze, with timid eyes
Turned to the secret fastness of the wood,
Lifted to moon and stars and shifting skies—
He had stepped softly in the shadowed forest,
Lithe with the freedom of the wind-swept
plain—*

*Inured to autumn storm, and winter tempest,
He had stepped lightly in the snow and rain.*

*Now, as the bare trees etched a charcoal
pattern*

*On monotonous of gray, the hunter's moon
Swung in the east, a mammoth golden lantern
Lifting the shadows of the afternoon —
Seeking its trophy, hoofprints in the snow—
Vanquished by man, lost in the afterglow.*

From the Fondouk

Those many generous friends, whose gifts have made possible the splendid services on behalf of animals rendered by the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee in Fez, North Africa, will read with interest the report of the Superintendent for April. In spite of the war, this fine work has been steadily going on.

Daily average large animals: 31.6
Daily average dogs: 8.4
Animals put to sleep: 6

Entries: 13 horses, 10 mules, 76 donkeys
Exits: 13 horses, 8 mules, 74 donkeys
Cut-patients: 234 horses, 98 mules, 302 donkeys,
2 dogs, 3 cats.

Fondouks visited	653
Animals inspected	10,286
Animals treated	1,145
Animals sent in	118
Pack-saddles destroyed	6
Arab-bits destroyed	5
Animals sent by Police Dept.	16
Transported to Hospital	1

Amount of our expenses for this month: \$281.66.

GUY DELON
Superintendent

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	900
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	1,738
Operations	333

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	193
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	640
Operations	91

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	75
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.	
1, 1915	220,857
Dispensary cases	556,562
Total	777,419

My Horse

Carrie Marecy Boring

Frisky, risky, fiery, brave,
With eyes so bold yet tender, grave;
Foot-swift on race-course,
The great Creator
Made a horse.

Prancer, dancer, toiler, brute;
In serving man, though ever mute,
He drags the ploughshare blade;
A mighty creature,
Wild yet staid.

Faithful, fearless, friendly, fleet,
With shoes of iron upon his feet;
Wind-wild and bird-free,
Yet for my pleasure
Tamed for me.



JUNE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.,
WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON,
METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD,
ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS,
WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMP-
TON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL,
COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,187
Cases investigated	326
Animals examined	3,976
Animals placed in homes	215
Lost animals restored to owners ..	62
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	11
Horses humanely put to sleep ..	28
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,654
Horse auctions attended	17

Stockyards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	43,723
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	19

Veterinary Column

1. Question: My female kitten, six months old, has recently refused to eat and seems depressed. She brings up a greenish-yellow liquid, and crouches over her dish of water as though she were thirsty, but unable to drink. Her flesh seems to be melting away, and she is becoming very weak. We think that a neighbor who dislikes cats has poisoned her. If help is not soon available, she will die.

Answer: It is doubtful that your cat has been poisoned. She is suffering from an acute contagious disease of cats, called panleucopenia, which is prevalent in the summer months. This is a serious disease, and the mortality is high. You are advised to consult your veterinarian without delay.

2. Question: What can I do to protect my dog against ticks in the summer time?

Answer: In certain sections ticks are prevalent and cause annoyance during the summer months. There are preparations which will aid somewhat in keeping the ticks from the dog, and your veterinarian can advise you as to these. However, nothing affords complete protection. The dog should be examined frequently for these parasites, which should be removed by hand and destroyed.

3. Question: My dog recently developed a swelling on the side of his face, which in a few days burst. It then healed over and seemed to be all right, but now the swelling has recurred. He eats very little, and seems to be in some pain.

Answer: Your dog presumably has an abscessed tooth on that side of his mouth. Surgical treatment by your veterinarian is necessary.

4. Question: My puppy has enlarged joints, and it seems to hurt him to run. His legs are somewhat bowed and he appears flat-footed. His general condition is poor and he is thin and listless. Unless something can be done, he will have to be destroyed.

Answer: Your puppy is suffering from rickets, which can be cured if it is not too far advanced. The puppy needs careful feeding with plenty of milk, eggs, and meat. Cod liver oil or a substitute concentrate must be given daily, and calcium gluconate or calcium lactate should be added to the feed daily. Plenty of sunshine is beneficial. The dog should also be examined for worms, and treated if necessary.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Animal Hospital

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



TIME OUT FOR REFRESHMENT

Relief from Heat

WITH the advent of hot weather and the increase in the use of horses, both for pleasure and commercial purposes, The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., as has been its custom for many years, has again reopened various watering stations throughout Boston in an effort to aid horses suffering from the extreme heat. The above picture shows Max Spiller, pausing at the Society's station in Merri-mac Square, during a recent heat wave. His son is seeing to it that the animal receives the proper amount of water.



Feline Molar Treated

EVEN cats need dental care occasionally, as was evidenced in the case of 18-year-old "Beauty," treated recently by surgeons at Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

The cat possessed an excellent set of teeth, which the doctors said was unusual at that age. One of the molars, however, became abscessed and was extracted under anesthesia. This centenarian among cats, discharged from the Hospital, returned home, cat-wise, completely indifferent to the loss of the tooth, but slightly ruffled at the affront to its dignity.



In the Service

OUR BEST wishes go with Dr. W. A. Wilcox, who recently left our Hospital to act in the service of his country as first lieutenant in the Army Veterinary Corps. The accompanying illustration shows Executive Vice-President Eric H. Hansen bidding good-bye to Dr. Wilcox and pointing out his place on the Society's roll of honor.

Dr. Wilcox's position in the Hospital is unique in that he became an employee at a very early age, helping in the Clinic where he made himself so useful that before long he became thoroughly familiar with the entire establishment. He liked the work so much that he made up his mind to become a veterinarian. To this end he finished his high school course and took night work in college until his credits were sufficient to enter the Veterinary School at Ohio State University.

During each summer vacation, he returned to the Angell Memorial Hospital and at the end of his course was graduated with honors, in June, 1942. His natural inclination led him to return to the Hospital where he became a valuable member of the staff.



ANOTHER NAME TO BE ADDED

Boy Archers Injure Animals

THE practice of archery by boys has resulted in painful and possible serious injury to dogs, cats and birds. According to Fred F. Hall, Prosecuting Officer for our Society's branch in Springfield, an Irish setter suffered a fractured rib, presumably by being hit with an arrow.

Several complaints have been received that boys were stoning cats, shooting eggs in birds' nests, and causing other needless suffering. Mr. Hall has interviewed parents of boys owning archery sets in the vicinity where the dog was injured, with the result that they are co-operating in an effort to prevent further acts of this nature.

It may be pointed out that lethal weapons in the hands of children may result in injury, not only to animals, but also to playmates.

On the Bridle Path

WITH the tremendous increase in horseback riding over the past few years, The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. foresaw that unnecessary suffering to the horses might occur through the ignorance of beginners and, unfortunately, through shortsightedness on the part of owners of riding academies.

To offset, as far as possible, the need for prosecution, the Society distributed posters to stables and academies throughout the State calling attention to a few sensible rules for the animals' well-being and comfort. The placard, headed, "BE KIND TO YOUR HORSE," simply states that each rider is responsible for the horse he hires; that the animals should be walked for the *first* and *last* ten minutes; that a rider should never race and sweat his animal and that he should never gallop down hill or on hard pavements. The poster further points out that over-riding, cruel beating or the infliction of unnecessary cruelty is in violation of the law.

Prosecuting officers of the Society are continually on the alert for neglect and abuse and are always ready to give advice to novices on the correct handling of their animals. The picture below shows Officer J. Robert Smith pointing out the poster to Ellen Smith, of The Paddocks, Milton, as she brings her steed near to share in the friendly counsel. The Society is expanding its education work among riders at various academies this season to match the great increase in their number.

It is suggested that those who rent horses should, before riding, check the animals for indications of saddle sores, sickness or lameness. Any such condition found should be called to the attention of the owner with the suggestion that the horse be put in good condition before it is again ridden.



LESSON IN KINDNESS

From Far-away Syria

A REPRESENTATIVE of our American Humane Education Society, whose address is Beskinta, Lebanon, Syria, and who has been trying, in the face of almost insuperable obstacles, to do something in awakening interest in unfortunate animals and spreading the Humane Education idea, writes us that he opened a school in Beskinta and formed a good Band of Mercy with 65 pupils who are greatly interested and love to hear about animals and their proper treatment.

He says that during the two previous months, seventeen stray animals were reported to be returned to their owners; five were cows, four donkeys, four goats, three sheep and one dog. He says, further: "A large number of animals, especially donkeys, have died from lack of food. Though the government is offering food for animals at low prices, the rural people are simple and do not know how to get this food from the government."

Mr. Matta's letter has been six months in coming to us.

Constant Canine

SANDY is here again!" This is probably the most oft-repeated phrase at the Springfield Branch of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital at Springfield, Mass. In fact, it could have been repeated one hundred and fifty times, because Sandy returned for the 150th time last week.

Sandy is not new to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*, because in the July, 1941 issue, he was shown waiting at the door of the Springfield Hospital, a door he has come to love. Ever since the time when Sandy was taken in, fed, bathed and cared for, his affection for the Hospital has prompted him to return there whenever he has the opportunity. At first, his owner called and asked if

Sandy were there; now he telephones that Sandy is on his way. Within thirty minutes comes a scratch at the door, Sandy is admitted and dashes down the corridor, to jump into the first open cage. That is all he seems to desire—just to stay in a cage in his beloved hospital.

Sandy shows unusual intelligence in making the five-mile route from his home, always coming the same way and taking short cuts to save time. Every traffic officer on his route knows Sandy and they agree that he obeys traffic signals better than some pedestrians.

Once within the Hospital walls, Sandy makes a routine check to see that everything is as it should be, says "hello" to doctors and attendants, and makes friends with the other dogs and cats in the institution.



SIGNING THE BILL

Humane Legislation

THE LEGISLATURE of New Hampshire, which is composed of 24 senators and 443 members of the lower house, making it the largest law-making body of all the states, recently enacted two highly important measures affecting the dog. One of these enactments prohibits the mutilation of dogs by cropping the ears. Violation of this statute carries a penalty of not more than two hundred and fifty dollars.

The second enactment prohibits the exhibition of dogs with cropped ears, except under certain conditions certified by a veterinarian. This latter statute also carries a penalty for violation of not more than two hundred and fifty dollars.

Another act of the General Court, passed at the recent session, relates to the care of livestock while being transported.

It provides among other details that "No person or railroad corporation or other common carrier shall permit animals in the course of transportation to be confined in vehicles or cars for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, including the time they have been so confined on connecting roads in the case of rail transportation, without unloading them, and allowing a period of at least five consecutive hours for rest, feed and water."

For these salutary and progressive measures credit is due to Senator Herbert D. Swift of New London, who introduced and sponsored the acts to successful passage.

The illustration shows Governor Blood signing the cropping bill in the presence of Senator and Mrs. Herbert D. Swift. Mrs. Swift is president of the Concord S. P. C. A.



Acme Photo

THAT'S MY COAT YOU'RE WEARING

In Sheep's Clothing

THE above illustration shows Nim, a snowy champion Samoyed, having the amazing experience of watching his own coat of hair being spun into cloth for human consumption by Mrs. Anna Mueller, staff member of the State Planning Board of the Department of Commerce, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mueller proves that the hair of certain breeds of dogs may now be clipped and spun into yarn to make clothing "just as warm as sheep's wool." Nim thinks it's a good idea in the summer, but wonders if it will be necessary for him to give up his overcoat when winter winds blow.



PLEASE OPEN MY CAGE

ANIMAL LAND

OWLS are often thought of as being exclusively nocturnal, but the burrowing owl and some others of the eighteen species of owls in the United States feed during the daytime.

DOG-gerel — Expressions derived from the actions of our canine friends have become an important part of our everyday speech. Some of these expressions include, "he dogged my footsteps;" "bounded from pillar to post;" "barking up the wrong tree;" "his bark is worse than his bite;" "baying at the moon;" "crooked as a dog's hind leg;" "dog tired;" "leading a dog's life;" "you lucky dog" and a score of others.

PACK-RATS are so named because they have the strange habit of carrying away to their nests all kinds of miscellaneous articles.

TURKEY BUZZARDS are not buzzards at all, but vultures.

HUMMINGBIRDS can fly backward as well as forward. The backward flight is commonly used as the bird darts to and from flowers and bushes on which it feeds.

LADY-BUG, sometimes called the ladybird, is brightly colored and has a moderately hard shell. It feeds upon small insects and the eggs of larger ones. Consequently this beetle is of great value in the garden, destroying plant vermin of various kinds. Said to have been imported originally from Australia, the lady-bug may be spotted in red, green, black or yellow.

JAGUARS in the adult stage are from six to seven feet long and more powerful than a puma or leopard.

PERCH of the tree-climbing variety have water storage organs on either side of the head to keep gills moist when traveling on land.



Any unusual or interesting facts concerning animals will be gratefully received. Please mention source. Address — Animaland, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

None Shall Divide By CALVIN WALKER

IT WAS easy enough to see there was something wrong. Something for which, as he scratched to come in, left him exceedingly depressed. It was so unlike him, too, when Jimmy was still out playing, to come home alone; to appear in that crestfallen, dejected manner of his, with his ears clapped to his head and his tail firmly down-pressed. It was so unusual, leaving the play he loved, to go into the corner by the bookcase.

But he had scarcely settled when the door burst open; burst open when, with an angry cry, Jimmy rushed into the room. His cheeks flushed with play, his blond hair moistly disheveled, he snatched up a paper and, quickly rolling it, rushed at the cowering dog. Quickly he struck at him, noisily, crying out. Without a sound the dog took it, crouching lower into the corner; took it, his eyes half closed, his ears flat to his head.

Then, as suddenly as the fury of his attack, Jimmy dropped the paper; dropped it and, falling on his knees, took the dog's head in his arms. Holding it, crying brokenly, he began to rub the lifeless ears; to cling to them, against his play-heated body, against the terrible turmoil inside of him. For a long time he knelt there, in the corner. For a long time he cried, bitterly, seeking a forgiveness he need not even have asked. But, even at the moment he dropped the paper, life had started back into the ears; had begun to flow again, along the luxuriant tail into the gentle eyes.

But "Peter" could not know the pain he caused. He could not know that nipping a youngsters' leg in the excitement of play created consternation in a home. He could not know that, in the fear of a dreadful disease, the youngster received medical attention, and that, after the first time it happened, Jimmy was warned about it; was warned that, if it happened again, he would have to be

sent away. Nor could he know the terrible fear that was in Jimmy's heart; the fear that emanated from a boundless devotion. None of this he could know, for a moment's careless play; none of it, save the pleasure of their comradeship.

Jimmy was ready for bed when they called him into the living room. The heat of play still lingered in his round boyish face, and his long thin legs came down out of his pajamas like the poles of a scarecrow. He paused at the bookcase to stroke Peter's play-weary collapse; paused, and then, hitching his pajamas, faced his parents. With a painful decision accentuated by this timely move, his father began to explain. Gently, feeling his way, determined, he explained the necessity of finding a new home for Peter. Carefully, logically, he pointed out how it would benefit all of them; how it would be best for the dog. That the country was the only place for a Collie, and that he would be happier there.

When he had finished he asked Jimmy if it was all right; if he would agree to it. For a moment the boy did not answer, did not withdraw the wide-blue gaze of his eyes. Then, drawing up his frail shoulders, nodding, he said quietly, "Okay," and turning quickly, left the room. His father, conscious of a strange relief, gathered up the evening paper.

But he did not read. The black type suddenly faded, and he lowered the paper and folded it across his lap. Faintly, as if from a great distance; a distance that was tinged with memory, he heard Jimmy crying. It was a broken cry, soft, as with an inner pain.

Jimmy's father hesitated no longer. His voice, loud and firm, carried clearly to the small bedroom. "Tell him," he said, "that we'll not send Peter away. Tell him to go to sleep and forget all about it. Peter will be here when he awakes in the morning."



Tribute

We are the Home Front; through our might
Our fighting comrades carry on
With will to do and strength to fight
And deeper faith to lean upon.
We are too weak, too old, too small,
Yet may we give our love, our all.

We are dogs of valiant heart
Who watch and wait, but waiting send
Out hope and courage to impart
Our good will to a soldier friend
And in our giving, know that we
Are one of that great company.

—Poussee Smith



The butt of many a joke.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Ray and His Horse
(A Kindness to Animals Story)
By HENRY H. GRAHAM

RAY had the most wonderful horse. His name was "Friend." Ray had chosen this name because he himself had so many friends and was so fond of other boys and girls. Friend was a good name, too, because the horse was so good to Ray, carrying him on long rides in the green, pine-covered hills and always bringing him home safely. He was a real friend.

In turn, Ray was kind to Friend. He always gave him all of the hay and oats he should eat. During fine weather, of course, Friend grazed on the lush, green pasture surrounding the boy's wilderness home. He liked this freedom very much for he could graze wherever he wished. At such times there was no bridle or saddle on him. But he was never happier than when carrying Ray along the woodland trails. They were the best of pals.

During the long, cold winters, Friend was quartered in a warm, snug barn against the fury of the storm. And there was never a time when he went hungry. Ray always made sure he had plenty of good food to eat. Often after school, Ray would visit Friend and stay awhile to stroke the beautiful animal's soft, velvety throat. Friend knew how much Ray loved him and frequently showed his own affection by rubbing his nose against the boy's face.

One summer day, while Friend was galloping along a trail with Ray on his back, an accident occurred.

Friend scraped his leg on a sharp rock. The wound bled quite a bit and Ray felt so sorry for Friend. But he did more than feel sorry for him. That afternoon he induced his father to take Friend to town for treatment by the veterinary surgeon. He could not bear to think of anything serious happening to his pal.

The doctor was very kind and gentle, disinfecting the wound and bandaging it neatly. When he had finished the doctor told Ray the charge would be three dollars. And the boy held out three one dollar bills. The doctor did not know that Ray had been saving the money to buy a small camera which he wanted very much. And Ray did not tell him. It was quite a blow to Ray to have to use the money he had been saving for another purpose. But he did not complain. No sacrifice was too great for him to make in behalf of Friend. He knew that Friend had paid the debt many times by taking him for so many fine rides.



Animal-Fact or Animal-Fiction?

Answers to Questions

1. True. The behemoth is the hippopotamus.
2. True. Try stroking a toad gently along the back with a spear of grass. It may hop away the first time, but at the second or third trial it shows evident enjoyment.
3. False. The bald eagle's head is covered with beautiful white plumage about the fourth year; immature birds have nearly black feathers. The eagle's food is more fish than carrion.
4. True. The cowbird builds no nest but drops its eggs in the nests of other birds.
5. True. The giraffe never utters a sound. It has no vocal cords.
6. False. The nuthatch works equally well head first, and from its different viewpoint it finds many insects that other birds have missed.
7. False. The whale is not a fish but a true mammal.
8. False. The hummingbird can fly backward. How else could it get out of the deep trumpet-shaped flowers?
9. False. The insect has four stages in its life history; the spider only two. The insect has six legs; the spider always eight.
10. True. The nighthawk.
11. False. The quills are very loosely attached but come out only with direct contact.
12. True. It twines around seaweed and coral by its tail.
13. True.
14. True. The female only leaves the sea to lay its eggs in the dry sand above the tide mark.
15. True. The nighthawk preys only on insects; the horned lark is the only true American lark; the mongoose, a native of India, is an animal about the size of a weasel, and so spry that it can kill the most poisonous of serpents without coming to harm.

—Bessie L. Putnam



If a child is kind to animals, he will surely grow up to become a good citizen. To get along with animals requires thoughtfulness for their welfare and gentleness in their handling. These two attributes alone, when applied to human companionship, will insure a life of real success in adulthood.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight new Bands of Mercy were organized during June. These were distributed as follows:

Virginia	7
Washington	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 266,608.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made,	51
Number of persons in audiences,	5,875



Splendid Program

MRS. DOUGLAS AYRES, JR., Fort Plain, N. Y., has sent us the accompanying picture of the charter Band of Mercy formed at the Sand Hill School. With the children is Mrs. Hilda Cook, teacher and enthusiastic worker.

Also received from Mrs. Ayres was an outline of programs used during the past school year. Of undoubted interest to other workers, we quote extracts from the program.

Primary Grades

Winter Bird Feeding. Suet holder and shelf feeder installed near school. With this project were used various bird pictures and an exhibit of wooden bird toys and food cones.

Caring for a Kitten. Scrap book made from illustrations cut from humane magazines.

Life of a Pony. Accompanied by reading "Watch the Pony Grow" by William Hall.

Farm Animals. Cloverbloom Dairy Color Book for each pupil. Poster illustrating verse, "The Cow" by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Spring Birds. Three bird houses placed on school grounds. Bird charts, books and posters.

Grades 4, 5 and 6

Animals in News. Eight scrap books



Sand Hill School Band of Mercy

for hospitals. Pictures obtained from humane periodicals.

Dogs of All Nations. Stories of pets by members. China dog collections brought by members. Animal quiz game.

Rationing. Discussion of unrationed foods and substitutes.

Care of Pets. Posters, books and pamphlets on the subject.

Parent Birds and Young. Stories from "Lives of the Hunted" by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Junior High School

Migration and Sanctuaries. Discussion comparing birds and airplanes. Map of bird flyways; pictures of bird sanctuaries; leaflets by W. J. Schoonmaker.

Beavers. "Engineers and Lumbermen" by Burgess; pictures from Bransom's "Animals of American History"; movie, "Grey Owl's Little Brother," Films, Inc., N. Y.

Hawks and Owls. Chart from U. S. Department of Agriculture, "What Hawks Eat," Emergency Conservation Committee report on Hawk Mountain Sanctuary.

Nature Reports. Observations by pupils.

Field Trip—to Fish and Game Club Park.

Humane Poster Contest and Bird House Building Contest.

Movie Programs

Grey Owl's Little Brother, In Behalf of Animals, The Bell of Atri, Vanishing Herds and Animals in Modern Life.



Report from the West

FROM TACOMA, Washington, Mrs. Florida L. Byrne reports giving talks in a number of schools over the months of May and June. Her program consisted mostly of quiz games, which both the

children and teachers thoroughly enjoyed. Asking questions concerning animals, Mrs. Byrne was surprised at the variety of knowledge exhibited by the children. She asserted that the pupils were alert and expressed kindness and understanding of the animals they knew.

In addition to visiting schools, Mrs. Byrne also co-operated in a picnic for the children of the East Side Band of Mercy and the Titlow Beach group. Accompanying the report was a song composed by Mrs. Bessie Konz, adviser of the East Side Band. Much credit is due Mrs. Konz for her zeal in working with the children, conducting meetings at her home, preparing luncheons, games and invariably interesting programs. The song, sung to the tune of "You Are My Sunshine," might well be adopted by all Bands of Mercy, with a few necessary changes in the wording.



Band of Mercy Song

By Bessie Konz

We are the East Side Band of Mercy
And we are going mighty strong.
We're out to help all living creatures
That upon this earth belong.

Our parents, brothers, sisters and playmates,
Our friends or friendless ones we meet.
The birds and beasts of the fields and forests,
A well as strays upon the street.

Our pets we'll always care for and cherish
And we will e'er be grateful to
The ones that give useful things or service
Until all their lives are through.

No beast that roams through the wild, free
forest

To cruel slaughter we'll condemn.
Taught by the pow'r that shows pity on us
We will learn to pity them.

If we can ease but one heart the aching,
If we can even cool one pain,
Or help to its nest, one fainting robin,
We shall not have lived in vain.

We pledge to be kind to all living creatures,
From cruel usage protect them,
And may we always stick by this promise,
Throughout all our lives. Amen.

TO OUR READERS

So many of our subscribers have written to request the insertion of their zone numbers in their addresses that it has taxed our Circulation Department to the utmost.

Post Office authorities inform us that zone numbers are not required on addresses of second class matter, such as OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Please do not be disturbed, therefore, if your number is not inserted.

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* * * *

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

Our Dumb Animals, 1942, bound volume	\$1.00	Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry"	\$0.30 per 100
Our Dumb Animals, 1939, 1940, and 1941, bound volume, each	.75	Do Wild Animals Prefer Captivity? Helen Trevelyan, 4 pp.	.50 " "
Colored Posters, 17 x 28 inches, attractive pictures and verses, six in set	1.00		
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Humane Education, by Dr. Francis H. Rowley	Free		
The Relation of the Home to Character Formation, Dr. Francis H. Rowley	Free		
Humane Education and Spiritual Values, Dr. Rowley	Free		
A Great Prophecy, Dr. Rowley	Free		
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An Early Start to Kindness, Lucia F. Gilbert, 48 pp. For first and second grades	each, 10 cts.		
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants	each, 25 cts.		
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley	cloth, 35 cts.		
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The B-K-T-A-Club, play, 3 cts. each; ten for 25c.			
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Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5	.50 " "		
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GABRIEL HEATTER AND HIS DOG

MUST we part with our dogs, that we may have more food for ourselves? For what they mean to us are we not going to be willing to share a little with them?

"Well," says Gabriel Heatter, well-known radio commentator, in one of his broadcasts, "in so far as it affects me personally, it won't ever be any great problem. My dog can have half what I am entitled to, and when there isn't enough for both he can have any part of whatever I am entitled to. I'll get by without food when I have to — I doubt if I could ever get by without a dog. I can survive hunger where my stomach is concerned — I doubt if I could face all the hunger my soul would feel if I had to give up my dog.

"Forget sentiment? You might as well say forget every decent ideal for which we are fighting. Is liberty anything more than a noble sentiment; is all the outrage and pain and hurt we feel, when others suffer, anything more than a noble sentiment?

"My devotion to my dog and his for me are born of all that very thing which inspires a man to fight injustice. And when more men and women have learned kindness and devotion to animals, more of us will practice it in our human relationships.

"I'll give what is left of my useless life gladly for this war—and my last dollar and all the work of my head and hands—but if mankind ever came to a pass where it was necessary to kill off my dog, I'm afraid I'd turn in my membership, too, and say anyone who wants it is welcome to the world remaining—it won't be much.

"There is still enough food wasted in any hundred restaurants in any large city to feed all the nation's dogs—a good many children who ought to have more, too. No—take my food—take all you need—but leave me my dog and I'll get by."

